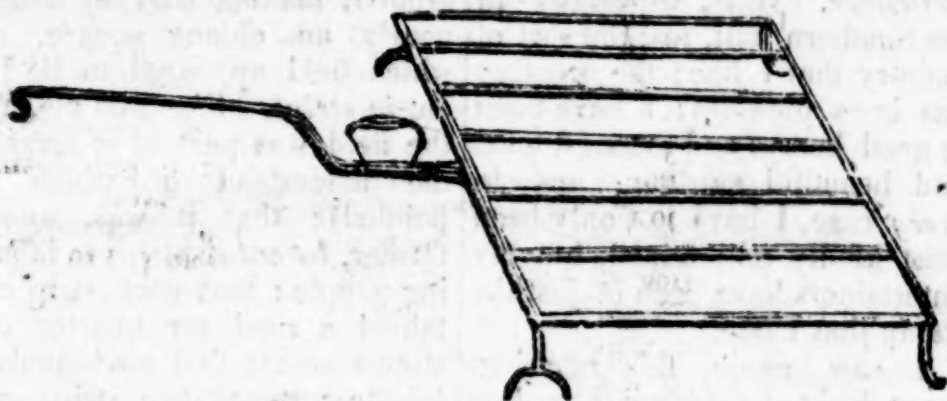


# COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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“ That in the above-mentioned Bill, now before your Honourable  
“ House, your humble Petitioner sees a design to cause gold and silver to  
“ be the circulating money of England; that he knows, as well as he  
“ knows fire burns, that if gold and silver be the circulating money of  
“ England, that more than half the present nominal amount of the taxes  
“ cannot be levied, without producing ruin and wretchedness absolutely  
“ insupportable; and that, therefore, while he expresses his profound gra-  
“ titude to your Honourable House, for your laudable design to restore to  
“ the people the security given by His Majesty's coin, he most humbly but  
“ most earnestly prays your Honourable House to reduce the taxes to an  
“ amount not exceeding that which was their amount before the small  
“ paper-money supplanted the coin of His Majesty.”—*Mr. Cobbett's Petition*  
*to Parliament, presented in February, 1826. See Reg. Vol. 57. p. 529.*

## RURAL RIDE,

FROM MALMSBURY, IN WILT-  
SHIRE, THROUGH GLOUCESTERSHIRE,  
HEREFORDSHIRE,  
AND WORCESTERSHIRE.

STROUD (Gloucestershire).  
TUESDAY FORENOON, 12th SEPT.  
1826.—I set off from Malmsbury  
this morning at 6 o'clock, in as  
sweet and bright a morning as  
ever came out of the heavens,  
and leaving behind me as plea-  
sant a house and as kind hosts as  
I ever met with in the whole course  
of my life, either in England or

America; and that is saying a  
great deal indeed. This circum-  
stance was the more pleasant, as  
I had never before either seen, or  
heard of, these kind, unaffected,  
sensible, *sans-façons*, and most  
agreeable friends. From Malms-  
bury I first came, at the end of  
five miles, to TUTEbury, which is  
in Gloucestershire, there being  
here, a sort of dell, or ravine,  
which, in this place, is the bound-  
ary line of the two counties, and  
over which you go on a bridge,  
one-half of which belongs to each  
county. And, now, before I take  
my leave of Wiltshire, I must  
observe, that, in the whole course  
of my life (days of *courtship ex-*

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]



cepted, of course), I never passed seventeen pleasanter days than those which I have just spent in *Wiltshire*. It is, especially in the Southern half, just the sort of country that I like; the weather has been pleasant; I have been in good houses and amongst good and beautiful gardens; and, in every case, I have not only been most kindly entertained, but my entertainers have been of just the stamp that I like.

I saw again, this morning, large flocks of *goldfinches*, feeding on the thistle-seed, on the roadside. The French call this bird by a name derived from the *thistle*, so notorious has it always been, that they live upon this seed. *Thistle* is, in French, *Chardon*; and the French call this beautiful little bird *Chardonnet*. I never could have supposed, that such flocks of these birds would ever be seen in England. But, it is a great year for all the feathered race, whether wild or tame: naturally so, indeed; for every one knows, that it is the *wet* and not the *cold*, that is injurious to the breeding of birds of all sorts, whether land-birds or water-birds. They say, that there are, this year, double the usual quantity of ducks and geese: and, really, they do seem to swarm in the farm-yards, wherever I go. It is a great mistake to suppose, that ducks and geese need water, except to drink. There is, perhaps, no spot in the world, in proportion to its size and population, where so many of these birds are reared and fatted, as in *Long Island*; and, it is not in one case out of ten, that they have any ponds to go to, or, that they ever see any water other than water that is drawn up out of a well.

A little way before I got to *Tutbury* I saw a woman, digging some potatoes, in a strip of ground, making part of a field, nearly an oblong square, and which field appeared to be laid out in strips. She told me, that the field was part of a *farm* (to the homestead of which she pointed); that it was, by the farmer, let out in strips to labouring people; that each strip contained a *rood* (or quarter of a statute acre); that each married labourer rented one strip; and, that the annual rent was a *pound* for the strip. Now, the taxes being all paid by the farmer; the fences being kept in repair by him; and, as appeared to me, the land being exceedingly good: all these things considered, the rent does not appear to be too high.—This fashion is certainly a growing one; it is a little step towards a coming back to the ancient small life and lease holds and common-fields! This field of strips, was, in fact, a sort of common-field; and the “agriculturists,” as the conceited asses of landlords call themselves, at their clubs and meetings, might, and they would if their skulls could admit any thoughts except such as relate to high prices and low wages; they might, and they would, begin to suspect, that the “dark-age” people were not so very foolish, when they had so many common-fields, and when almost every man that had a family had also a bit of land, either large or small. It is a very curious thing, that the enclosing of commons, that the shutting out of the labourers from all share in the land; that the prohibiting of them to look at a wild animal, almost at a lark or a frog; it is curious that

this hard-hearted system should have gone on, until, at last, it has produced effects, so injurious and so dangerous to the *grinders* themselves, that they have, of their own accord, and *for their own safety*, begun to make a step towards the ancient system, and have, in the manner I have observed, made the labourers *sharers*, in some degree, in the uses, at any rate, of the soil.—The far greater part of these strips of land have *potatoes* growing in them; but, in some cases, they have borne *wheat*, and, in others, *barley*, this year; and these have now *turnips*; very young, most of them, but, in some places, very fine, and, in every instance, nicely hoed out.—The land that will bear 400 bushels of potatoes to the acre, will bear 40 bushels of wheat; and, the *ten* bushels of wheat, to the quarter of an acre, would be a crop far more valuable than a hundred bushels of potatoes, as I have *proved* many times, in the Register.

Just before I got into TUTBURY, I was met by a good many people, in *twos*, *threes*, or *fives*, some running, and some walking fast, one of the first of whom asked me, if I had met an "*old man*" some distance back. I asked, what sort of a man: "*a poor man.*" "I don't recollect, indeed; but, what are you all pursuing him for?" "He has been *stealing.*" "What has he been stealing?" "Cabbages." "Where?" "Out of Mr. GLOVER, the hatter's garden." "What! do you call that *stealing*; and would you *punish* a man, a *poor man*, and, therefore, in all likelihood, a *hungry man* too, and, moreover an *old man*;" "do you set up a *hue-and-cry*

"after, and would you *punish*, such a man for taking a few *cabbages*, when that Holy Bible, which, I dare say, you profess to believe in, and perhaps, assist to circulate, teaches you, that the hungry man may, without committing any offence at all, go into his neighbour's vineyard and eat his fill of *grapes*, one bunch of which is worth a sack-full of cabbages?" "Yes; but he is a very *bad character.*" "Why, my friend, *very poor* and *almost starved* people are apt to be '*bad characters*;' but the Bible, in both Testaments, commands us to be merciful to the *poor*, to feed the *hungry*, to have compassion on the *aged*; and it makes no exception as to the '*character*' of the parties." Another group or two of the pursuers had come up by this time; and I, bearing in mind the fate of DON QUIXOTE, when he interfered in somewhat similar cases, gave my horse the hint, and soon got away; but, though, doubtless, I made no *converts*, I, upon looking back, perceived, that I had *slackened* the pursuit! The pursuers went more slowly; I could see that they got to talking; it was now the step of *deliberation* rather than that of *decision*; and, though I did not like to call upon Mr. GLOVER, I hope he was merciful.—It is impossible for me to witness scenes like this; to hear a man called a *thief* for such a cause; to see him thus eagerly and vindictively pursued for having taken some cabbages in a garden: it is impossible for me to behold such a scene, without calling to mind the practice in the *United States of America*, where, if a man were even to talk of pro-

secuting another (especially if that other were *poor*, or *old*) for taking from *the land*, or from *the trees*, any part of a growing crop, for his own *personal and immediate use*; if any man were even to *talk* of prosecuting another for such an act, such *talker* would be held in *universal abhorrence*: people would hate him; and, in short, if rich as Ricardo or Baring, he might live by himself; for no man would look upon him as a *neighbour*.

TUTBURY is a very pretty town, and has a beautiful ancient church. The country is high along here for a mile or two towards AVENING, which begins a long and deep and narrow valley, that comes all the way down to *Stroud*. When I got to the end of the high country, and the lower country opened to my view, I was at about three miles from TUTBURY, on the road to AVENING, leaving the Minchinghampton road to my right. Here I was upon the edge of the high land, looking right down upon the village of AVENING, and seeing, just close to it, a large and fine mansion-house, a beautiful park, and, making part of the park, one of the finest, most magnificent woods (of 200 acres, I dare say), lying facing me, going from a valley up a gently-rising hill. While I was sitting on my horse, admiring this spot, a man came along with some tools in his hand, as if going somewhere to work as plumber. "Whose beautiful place is that," said I. "One 'SQUIRE RICARDO, I think they call him, but....."—You might have "knocked me down with a feather," as the old women say, ..... "but" (continued the plumber) "the *Old Gentleman's*

dead, and"..... "God—the *old gentleman* and the *young gentleman* too"! said I; and, giving my horse a blow, instead of a word, on I went down the hill. Before I got to the bottom, my reflections on the present state of the "*market*" and on the *probable results* of "*watching the turn of it*," had made me better humoured; and, as one of the first objects that struck my eye, in the village, was the sign of the CROSS, and of the *Red, or Bloody, Cross* too, I asked the landlord some questions, which began a series of *joking* and *bantering* that I had with the people, from one end of the village to the other. I set them all a laughing; and, though they could not know my name, they will remember me for a long while.—This estate of GATCOMB belonged, I am told, to a Mr. SHEPPERD, and to his fathers before him. I asked, where this Shepperd was NOW. A tradesman-looking man told me, that he did not know where he was; but, that he had *heard*, that he was living *some where* near to *Bath*! Thus they go! Thus they are squeezed out of existence. The little ones are gone; and the *big ones* have nothing left for it, but to resort to the bands of *holy matrimony* with the *turn of the market watchers* and their breed. This the *big ones* are now doing apace; and there is this comfort at any rate; namely, that the connexion cannot make them baser than they are, a boroughmonger being, of all God's creatures, the very basest.

From AVENING I came on through NAILSWORTH, WOODCHESTER, and RODBOURGH, to this place. These villages lie on

the sides of a narrow and deep valley, with a narrow stream of water running down the middle of it, and this stream turns the wheels of a great many mills and sets of machinery for the making of *woollen-cloth*. The factories begin at AVENING, and are scattered all the way down the valley. There are *steam-engines* as well as *water-powers*. The work and the trade is so flat, that, in, I should think, much more than a *hundred acres* of ground, which I have seen to-day, covered with *rails*, or *racks*, for the drying of cloth, I do not think that I have seen *one single acre* where the racks had cloth upon them. The workmen do not get half wages; great numbers are thrown on the parish; but, overseers and magistrates, in *this part of England*, do not presume, that they are to leave any body to *starve to death*; there is *law* here; this is in *England*, and not in "*the North*," where those who ought to see that the poor do not suffer, talk of their *dying with hunger*, as Irish Squires do; aye, and applaud them for their patient resignation! The Gloucestershire people have no notion of *dying with hunger*; and it is with great pleasure that I remark, that I have seen no woe-worn creature this day. The sub-soil here is a yellowish, ugly stone. The houses are all built with this; and, it being ugly, the stone is made *white* by a wash of some sort or other. The land, on both sides of the valley, and all down the bottom of it, has plenty of trees on it; it is chiefly pasture land; so that the *green* and the *white* colours, and the form and great variety of the ground, and the water, and all together

make this a very pretty ride.—Here are a series of spots, every one of which a lover of landscapes would like to have painted. Even the buildings of the factories are not ugly. The people seem to have been constantly well off. A pig in almost every cottage sty; and that is the infallible mark of a happy people. At present, indeed, this valley suffers; and, though *cloth* will always be wanted, there will yet be much suffering even here, while at ULY and other places, they say, that the suffering is great indeed.

HUNTLY, BETWEEN GLOUCESTER AND ROSS.—FROM STROUD I came up to PITCHCOMB, leaving PAINSWICK on my right. From the lofty hill at PITCHCOMB I looked down into that great flat and almost circular vale, of which the city of Gloucester is in the centre. To the left I saw the SEVERN, become a sort of arm of the sea; and before me I saw the hills that divide this county from Herefordshire and Worcester-shire.—The hill is a mile down. When down, you are amongst dairy-farms and orchards all the way to Gloucester, and, this year, the orchards, particularly those of *pears*, are greatly productive.—I intended to sleep at Gloucester, as I had, when there, already come twenty-five miles, and, as the fourteen, which remained for me to go, in order to reach BOLLITREE, in Herefordshire, would make about nine more than either I or my horse had a taste for. But, when I came to Gloucester, I found, that I should run a risk of *having no bed* if I did not bow very low and pay very high; for, what should there be

here, but one of those scandalous and beastly fruits of the system, called a "MUSIC - MEETING"! Those who founded the CATHEDRALS never dreamed, I dare say, that they would have been put to such uses as this! They are, upon these occasions, made use of as *Opera-Houses*; and, I am told, that the *money*, which is collected, goes, in some shape or another, to the *Clergy of the Church*, or their widows, or children, or something. These assemblages of player-folks, half-rogues and half-fools, *began with the small paper-money*; and with it they will go. They are amongst the profligate pranks which idleness plays when fed by the sweat of a starving people.—From this scene of prostitution and of pocket-picking I moved off with all convenient speed, but not before the ostler made me pay 9d. for merely letting my horse stand about ten minutes, and not before he had *begun* to abuse me for declining, though in a very polite manner, to *make him a present* in addition to the 9d. How he *ended* I do not know; for, I soon set the noise of the shoes of my horse to answer him.—I got to this village, about eight miles from Gloucester, by five o'clock: it is now half-past seven, and I am going to bed with an intention of getting to BOLLITREE (six miles only) early enough in the morning to *catch my sons in bed, if they play the sluggard*.

BOLLITREE, WEDNESDAY, 13th SEPT.—This morning was most beautiful. There has been rain here now, and the grass begins (but only begins) to grow.—When I got within two hundred yards of Mr. PALMER'S, I had the happi-

ness to meet my son RICHARD, who said that he had been up an hour.—As I came along I saw one of the prettiest sights in the *flower way*, that I ever saw in my life. It was a little orchard; the grass in it had just taken a start, and was beautifully fresh; and, very thickly growing amongst the grass, was the purple flowered *Colchicum*, in full bloom. They say, that the *leaves* of this plant, which come out in the spring and die away in the summer, are poisonous to cattle if they eat much of them in the spring. The flower, if standing by itself, would be no great beauty; but, contrasted thus, with the fresh grass, which was a little shorter than itself, it was very beautiful.

BOLLITREE, SATURDAY, 23d SEPT.—Upon my arrival here, which, as the reader has seen, was *ten days* ago, I had a parcel of *letters* to open, amongst which were a large lot from CORRESPONDENTS, who had been good enough to set me right with regard to that conceited and impudent plagiarist, or *literary thief*, "Sir JAMES GRAHAM, Baronet, of Netherby." One Correspondent says, that I have reversed the rule of the Decalogue by *visiting the sins of the son upon the father*. Another tells me anecdotes, about the "MAGNUS APOLLO." Another, about the plagiarist's *marriage*. I hereby do the father justice by saying, that, from what I have now heard of him, I am induced to believe, that he would have been ashamed to commit the flagrant acts of plagiarism, which the son has been guilty of. The whole of this plagiarist's pamphlet is bad enough. Every part of it is contemptible; but the passage,

in which he says, that there was "no man, of any authority, who did not *under-rate* the distress that would arise out of Peel's "Bill;" *this passage* merits a broom-stick, at the hands of any Englishman that chooses to lay it on, and particularly *from me*.

As to *crops* in Herefordshire and Gloucestershire, they have been *very bad*. Even the wheat here has been only a two-third part crop. The barley and oats really next to nothing. *Fed off* by cattle and sheep in many places, partly for want of grass and partly from their worthlessness. The cattle have been nearly starved in many places; and we hear the same from Worcestershire. In some places one of these beautiful calves (last spring calves) will be given for the *wintering of another*. Hay, at STROUD, was *six pounds a ton*: last year it was 3l. a ton; and yet *meat and cheese are lower in price than they were last year*. Mutton (I mean alive) was, last year at this time 7½d. it is now 6d. There has been in North Wilts and in Gloucestershire *half quantity of CHEESE* made this year, and yet the *price is lower than it was last year*. Wool is half the last year's price. There has, within these three weeks, or a month, been a prodigious increase in the quantity of cattle food; the grass looks like the grass late in May; and the *late and stubble-turnips* (of which immense quantities have been sown) have grown very much, and promise large crops generally; yet lean sheep have, at the recent fairs, *fallen in price*; they have been lessening in price, while the facility of keeping them has been augmenting! Aye; but the *paper-money* has not been

augmenting, notwithstanding the *Branch-Bank* at Gloucester! This bank is quite ready, they say, to *take deposits*; that is to say, to keep people's *spare money* for them; but, to *lend them none*, without such security as would get money even from the claws of a miser. This trick is, then, what the French call a *coup-manqué*; or a *missing of the mark*. In spite of every thing, as to the season, calculated to cause lean sheep to rise in price, they fell, I hear, at WILTON fair (near Salisbury) on the 12th instant, from 2s. to 3s. a head. And, yesterday, 22d Sept., at NEWENT fair, there was a fall since the last fair in this neighbourhood. Mr. PALMER sold, at this fair, sheep for *twenty-three shillings a head*, rather better than some which he sold at the same fair last year for *thirty-four shillings a head*: so that here is a falling off of a *third*! Think of the dreadful ruin, then, which must fall upon the *renting farmers*, whether they rent the land, or rent the money which enables them to *call* the land their own! The recent Order in Council has ruined many. I was, a few days after that Order reached us, in Wiltshire, in a rick yard, looking at the ricks, amongst which were two of *beans*. I asked the farmer how much the Order would take out of his pocket; and he said it had already taken out *more than a hundred pounds*! This is a pretty state of things for a man to live in! The winds are less uncertain than this calling of a farmer is now become, though it is a calling the affairs of which have always been deemed as little liable to accident as any thing human.

The "best possible public in-

structor" tells us, that the Ministers are about to give the *Militia-Clothing* to the poor manufacturers! Coats, waistcoats, trousers, shoes and stockings! Oh, what a kind as well as wise "envy of surrounding nations" this is! Dear good souls! But, what are the *women* to do? No *smocks*, pretty gentlemen! No royal commission to be appointed to distribute smocks to the suffering "females" of the "*disturbed districts*"! How fine our "manufacturing population" will look all dressed in *red*! Then, indeed, will the farming fellows have to repent, that they did not follow the advice of Dr. BLACK, and fly to the "*happy manufacturing districts*," where employment, as the Doctor affirmed, was so abundant and so permanent, and where wages were so high! Out of evil comes good; and this state of things has blown the Scotch *poleeteecal eecoonoomy* to the devil, at any rate. In spite of all their plausibility and persevering brass, the Scotch writers are now generally looked upon as so many tricky humbugs. Mr. SEDGWICK's affair is enough, one would think, to open men's eyes to the character of this greedy band of *invaders*; for, invaders they are, and of the very worst sort: they come only *to live on the labour of others*; *never to work themselves*; and, while they do this, they are everlastingly publishing essays, the object of which is, **TO KEEP THE IRISH OUT OF ENGLAND!** Dr. BLACK has, within these four years, published *more than a hundred articles*, in which he has represented the *invasions of the Irish as being*

*ruinous to England!* What monstrous impudence! The Irish come to help *do the work*; the Scotch to help eat the *taxes*; or, to tramp "*about, mon*," with a *pack* and *licence*; or, in other words, to cheat upon a small scale, as their superiors do upon a large one.—This tricky and greedy set have, however, at last, over-reached themselves, after having so long over-reached all the rest of mankind that have had the misfortune to come in contact with them. They are now smarting under the scourge, the torments of which they have long made others feel. They have been the principal inventors and executors of all that has been damnable to England. They are NOW bothered; and I thank God for it. It may, and it must, finally deliver us from their baleful influence.

To return to the kind and pretty gentlemen of Whitehall, and their *Militia-Clothing*: if they refuse to supply the women with smocks, perhaps they would have no objection to hand them over some petticoats; or, at any rate, to give their husbands a *musket* a piece, and a little powder and ball, just to amuse themselves with, instead of the employment of "*digging holes one day and filling them up the next*," as suggested by "the great statesman, now no more," who was one of that "*noble, honourable and venerable body*," the Privy Council (to which *Sturges Bourne* belongs), and who cut his own throat at North Cray, in Kent, just about three years after he had brought in the bill, which compelled me to make the Register contain *two sheets and a quarter*, and to com-

pel printers to give, *before they began to print*, bail to pay any fines that might be inflicted on them for any thing that they might print.—Let me see: where was I? Oh! the muskets and powder and ball ought, certainly, to go with the red clothes; but, how strange it is, that the *real relief* never seems to occur, even for one single moment, to the minds of these pretty gentlemen; namely, *taking off the taxes*. What a thing it is to behold, poor people receiving rates, or alms, to *prevent them from starving*; and to behold one half, at least, of what they receive, taken from them in taxes! What a sight to behold, soldiers, horse and foot, employed to prevent a distressed people from committing acts of violence, when the *cost* of the horse and foot would, probably, if applied in the way of relief to the sufferers, prevent the existence of the distress! A cavalry horse has, I think, *ten pounds of oats a day and twenty pounds of hay*. These, at present prices, cost 16s. a week. Then there is stable-room, barracks, straw, saddle and all the trappings. Then there is the *wear* of the horse. Then the pay of them. So that one single horseman, with his horse, do not cost so little as 36s. a week; and that is more than the parish allowance to *five* labourers' or manufacturers' families, at five to a family: so that one horseman and his horse cost what would feed *twenty-five* of the distressed creatures. If there be *ten thousand* of these horsemen, they cost as much as would keep, at the parish rate, *two hundred and fifty thousand* of the distressed persons! Aye; it is even so, parson

HAY, stare at it as long as you like. But, suppose it to be only half as much: then it would maintain *a hundred and twenty-five thousand persons*. However, to get rid of all dispute, and to state one staring, undeniable fact, let me first observe, that it is notorious, that the poor-rates are looked upon as *enormous*; that they are deemed an insupportable burden; that SCARLETT and NOLAN have asserted, that they threaten *to swallow up the land*; that it is equally notorious that a large part of the poor-rates ought to be called *wages*: all this is undeniable, and now comes the *damning fact*; namely, that *the whole amount of these poor-rates falls far short of the cost of the standing army in time of peace*! So that, take away this army, which is to keep the distressed people from committing acts of violence, and you have, at once, ample means of removing all the distress and all the danger of acts of violence!—When will this be done? Do not say, "NEVER," reader: if you do, you are not only a slave, but you ought to be one.

I cannot dismiss this *militia-clothing* affair, without remarking, that I do not agree with those, who *blame* the Ministers for having let in the foreign corn *out of fear*. Why not do it from that motive? "The fear of the Lord is the *beginning of wisdom*." And, what is meant by "fear of the Lord," but the *fear of doing wrong*, or of *persevering in doing wrong*? And, *whence is this fear to arise*? From thinking of the *consequences*, to be sure: and, therefore, if the Ministers did let in the foreign corn for fear of popular commotion,

they acted rightly, and their motive was as good and reasonable as the act was wise and just. It would have been lucky for them, if the same sort of motive had prevailed, when the Corn-Bill was passed; but, that *game-cock* statesman, who, at last, sent a spur into his own throat, was then in high feather, and he, *while soldiers were drawn up round the Honourable, Honourable, Honourable House*, said, that he did not, for his part, *care much* about the Bill; but, *since the mob had clamoured against it*, he was resolved to support it! Alas! that such a *cock* statesman should have come to such an end! All the towns and cities in England petitioned against that odious Bill. Their petitions were rejected, and that rejection is *amongst* the causes of the present embarrassments. Therefore, I am not for blaming the Ministers for acting from fear. They did the same in the case of the poor Queen. Fear taught them wisely, then also. What! would you never have people act from fear? What but fear of the law restrains many men from committing crimes? What but fear of exposure prevents thousands upon thousands of offences, moral as well as legal? Nonsense about "acting from fear." I always hear with great suspicion your eulogists of "*vigorous government*." I do not like your "*vigorous*" governments; your *game-cock* governments. We saw enough of these, and *felt* enough of them too, under Pitt, Dundas, Percival, Gibbs, Ellenborough, Sidmouth and Castlereagh. I prefer governments like those of EDWARD I. of England and ST. LOUIS of France; Cocks as to-

wards their enemies and rivals, and CHICKENS as towards their own people: precisely the reverse of our modern "*country gentlemen*," as they call themselves; very lions as towards their poor, robbed, famishing labourers, but more than lambs as towards tax-eaters, and especially as towards the fierce and whiskered *dead-weight*, in the presence of any of whom they dare not say that their souls are their own. This base race of men, called "*country gentlemen*," must be speedily changed by almost a miracle; or they, big as well as little, must be swept away; and, if it should be desirable for posterity to have a just idea of them, let posterity take this one fact; that the tithes are now, in part, received by men, who are RECTORS and VICARS, and who, at the same time, receive *half-pay as naval or military officers*; and that not one English "*country gentleman*" has had the courage even to complain of this, though many gallant half-pay officers have been dismissed, and beggared, upon the ground, that the half-pay is *not a reward for past services*, but a *retaining fee for future services*; so that, put the two together, they amount to this: that the half-pay is given to *church parsons*, that they may be, when war comes, *ready to serve as officers in the army, or navy!* Let the world match *that*, if it can! And, yet there are scoundrels to say, that we do not want a *radical reform!* Why, there must be such a reform, in order to prevent us from becoming a mass of wretches too corrupt and profligate and base even to carry on the common transactions of life.

RYALL, near UPTON on SEVERN (Worcestershire), MONDAY, 25th SEPT.—I set off from Mr. PALMER's yesterday, after breakfast, having his son (about 13 years old) as my travelling companion. We came across the country, a distance of about 22 miles, and, having crossed the Severn at UPTON, arrived here, at Mr. JOHN PRICE's, about two o'clock. On our road we passed by the estate and park of *another Ricardo!* This is OSMOND; the other is DAVID. This one has ousted two families of Normans, the HONEYWOOD YATES, and the SCUDDAMORES. They suppose him to have *ten thousand pounds a year in rent, here!* Famous "watching the turn of the market"! The BARINGS are at work down in this country too. They are every where, indeed, depositing their eggs about, like cunning old guinea-hens, in sly places, besides the great, open, showy nests that they have. The "instructor" tells us, that the RICARDOS have received *sixty-four thousand pounds* COMMISSION, on the "Greek Loans," or, rather, "Loans to the Greeks." Oh, brave GREEKS! to have such *patriots* to aid you with their financial skill; such *patriots* as Mr. GALLOWAY to make engines of war for you, while his son is making them for the Turks; and such *patriots* as BURDETT and HOBHOUSE to talk of your *political relations!* Happy GREEKS! Happy MEXICANS, too, it seems; for the "best instructor" tells us, that the BARINGS, whose progenitors came from DUTCHLAND about the same time as, and perhaps in company with, the Ricardos; happy Mexicans too; for, the "instructor" as good

as swears, that the BARINGS will see *that the dividends on your loans are paid in future!* Now, therefore, the riches, the loads, the ship-loads of silver and gold are now to pour in upon us! Never was there a nation so foolish as this! But, and this ought to be well understood, it is not *mere* foolishness; not mere harmless folly; it is foolishness, the offspring of *greediness* and of a *roguish* disposition; and this disposition prevails to an enormous extent; in the country, as I am told, more than in the monstrous WEN itself. Most delightfully, however, have the greedy, mercenary, selfish, unfeeling wretches, been bit by the *loans* and *shares!* The King of Spain gave the wretches a sharp bite, for which I always most cordially thank his Majesty. I dare say, that his sponging off of the *roguish BONDS*, has reduced to beggary, or caused to cut their throats, many thousands of the greedy, fund-loving, stock-jobbing devils, who, if they regarded it likely to raise their "*securities*" one per cent., would applaud the murder of half the human race. These vermin all, without a single exception, approved of, and rejoiced at, SIDMOUTH'S *Power-of-Imprisonment Bill*, and they applauded his *Letter of Thanks to the Manchester Yeomanry Cavalry*. No matter what it is that puts an end to a system which engenders and breeds up vermin like these.

Mr. HANFORD of this county, and Mr. CANNING of Gloucestershire, having dined at Mr. PRICE's yesterday, I went, to-day, with Mr. PRICE to see

Mr. HANFORD at his house and estate at BREDON HILL, which is, I believe, one of the highest in England. The ridge, or, rather, the edge of it, divides, in this part, Worcestershire from Gloucestershire. At the very highest part of it there are the remains of an encampment, or rather, I should think, *citadel*. In many instances, in Wiltshire, these marks of fortifications are called *castles* still; and, doubtless, there were once castles on these spots. From Bredon Hill you see into nine or ten counties; and those curious bubblings-up, the Malvern Hills, are right before you, and only at about ten miles' distance, in a straight line. As this hill looks over the counties of Worcester, Gloucester, Hereford and part of Warwick and the rich part of Stafford; and, as it looks over the vales of Esham, Worcester, and Gloucester, having the AVON and the SEVERN, winding down them, you certainly see from this Bredon Hill one of the very richest spots of England, and I am fully convinced, a *richer* spot than is to be seen in any other country in the world; I mean *Scotland excepted*, of course, for fear Sawney should cut my throat, or, which is much the same thing, *squeeze me by the hand*, from which last I pray thee to deliver me, O Lord!—The AVON (this is the *third* AVON that I have crossed in this Ride) falls into the SEVERN just below TEWKSBURY, through which town we went in our way to Mr. HANFORD'S. These rivers, particularly the Severn, goes through, and sometimes overflows, the finest meadows of which it is possible to

form an idea. Some of them contain more than a *hundred acres each*; and the number of cattle and sheep, feeding in them, is prodigious. Nine-tenths of the land, in these extensive vales, appears to me to be pasture, and it is pasture of the richest kind. The sheep are chiefly of the Leicester breed, and the cattle of the Hereford, white face and dark red body, certainly the finest and most beautiful of all horn-cattle. The grass, after the fine rains that we have had, is in its finest possible dress; but, here, as in the parts of Gloucestershire and Herefordshire that I have seen, there are no turnips, except those which have been *recently* sown; and, though amidst all these thousands upon thousands of acres of the finest meadows and grass land in the world, hay is, I hear, *seven pounds a ton* at Worcester. However, unless we should have very early and even hard frosts, the grass will be so abundant, that the cattle and sheep will do better than people are apt to think. But, be this as it may, this summer has taught us, that our climate is the *best for produce*, after all; and that we cannot have Italian sun and English meat and cheese. We complain of the *drip*; but, it is the drip that makes the beef and the mutton.—Mr. HANFORD'S house is on the *side* of Bredon Hill; about a third part up it, and is a very delightful place. The house is of ancient date, and it appears to have been *always* inhabited by and the property of *Roman Catholics*; for there is, in one corner of the very top of the building; up in the very roof of it, a Catholic chapel, as ancient as the roof

itself. It is about twenty-five feet long and ten wide. It has arch-work, to imitate the roof of a church. At the back of the altar there is a little room, which you enter through a door going out of the chapel; and, adjoining this little room, there is a closet, in which is a *trap-door* made to let the *priest* down into one of those hiding places, which were contrived for the purpose of evading the grasp of those greedy Scotch minions, to whom that pious and tolerant Protestant, JAMES I., delivered over those English gentlemen, who remained faithful to the religion of their fathers, and, to set his country free from which greedy and cruel grasp, that honest Englishman, GUY FAWKES, wished, as he bravely told the King and his Scotch council, "*to blow the Scotch beggars back to their mountains again.*" Even this King has, in his works (for JAMES was an author), had the justice to call him "*the English SCAEVOLA*"; and we Englishmen, fools set on by knaves, have the folly, or the baseness, to burn him in effigy on the 5th of November, the anniversary of his intended exploit!—In the hall of this house there is the portrait of SIR THOMAS WINTER, who was one of the accomplices of FAWKES, and who was killed in the fight with the sheriff and his party. There is also the portrait of his lady, who must have spent half her life-time in the working of some very curious sacerdotal vestments, which are preserved here with great care, and are as fresh and as beautiful as they were the day they were finished.—A parson said to me, once, by letter: "your religion, Mr. Cob-

"bett, seems to me to be altogether *political.*" "Very much so, indeed," answered I, "and well it may, since I have been furnished with a *creed which makes part of an Act of Parliament.*" And, the fact is, I am no Doctor of Divinity, and like a religion, *any religion*, that tends to make men innocent and benevolent and happy, by taking the best possible means of furnishing them with plenty to eat and drink and wear. I am a Protestant of the Church of England, and, as such, blush to see, that *more than half* the parsonage-houses are *wholly gone*, or are become mere hovels. What I have written on the "*PROTESTANT REFORMATION*," has proceeded entirely from a sense of justice towards our calumniated Catholic forefathers, to whom we owe *all* those of our institutions that are worthy of our admiration and gratitude. I have not written as a Catholic, but as an Englishman; yet, a sincere Catholic must feel some little gratitude towards me; and, if there was an ungrateful reptile in the neighbourhood of Preston, to give, as a toast, "*Success to Stanley and Wood*," the conduct of those Catholics that I have seen here have, as far as I am concerned, amply compensated for his baseness.

This neighbourhood has witnessed some pretty thumping transfers from the Normans. HOLLAND, one of Baring's partners, or clerks, has recently bought an estate of LORD SOMERS, called DUMBLETON, for, it is said, about *eighty thousand pounds*. Another estate of the same Lord, called STRENSHAM, has been bought by a *Brummigham Banker* of

the name of TAYLOR, for, it is said, *seventy thousand pounds*. „ EASTNOR CASTLE,” just over the Malvern Hills, is *still building*, and LORD EASTNOR lives at that pretty little warm and snug place, the Priory of REIGATE, in Surrey, and close by the not less *snug little borough* of the same name! MEMORANDUM. When we were petitioning for reform, in 1817, my LORD SOMERS wrote and published a pamphlet, under his own name, condemning our conduct and our principles, and insisting, that we, if let alone, should produce “*a revolution*,” and *endanger all property*!—The BARINGS are adding field to field and tract to tract in Herefordshire; and, as to the RICARDOS, they seem to be animated with the same laudable spirit. This OSMOND RICARDO has a *park* at one of his estates, called BROOMSBOROUGH, and that park has a *new* porter’s lodge, upon which there is A SPAN NEW CROSS as large as *life*! Aye, big enough and long enough to crucify a man upon! I had never seen such an one before; and I know not what sort of thought it was that seized me at the moment; but, though my horse is but a clumsy goer, I verily believe I got away from it at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. My companion, who is always upon the look-out for cross-ditches, or pieces of timber, on the road-side, to fill up the time of which my jog-trot gives him so wearisome a surplus, seemed delighted at this my new pace; and, I dare say he has wondered ever since what should have given me wings just for that once and that once only.

WORCESTER, TUESDAY, 26th SEPT.—Mr. Price rode with us to this city, which is one of the cleanest, neatest, and handsomest towns I ever saw: indeed I do not recollect to have seen any one equal to it. The *cathedral* is, indeed, a poor thing, compared with any of the others, except that of Hereford; and I have seen them all but those of Carlisle, Durham, York, Lincoln, Chester, and Peterborough; but the *town* is, I think, the very best I ever saw; and which is, indeed, the greatest of all recommendations, the *people* are, upon the whole, the most suitably dressed and most decent looking people. The town is precisely in character with the beautiful and rich country, in the midst of which it lies. Every thing you see gives you the idea of real, solid wealth; aye! and thus it was, too, before, long before Pitt, and even long before “good Queen Bess” and her military law and her Protestant racks, were ever heard or dreamed of.

At Worcester, as every where else, I find a group of cordial and sensible friends, at the house of one of whom, Mr. GEORGE BROOKE, I have just spent a most pleasant evening, in company with several gentlemen, whom he had had the goodness to invite to meet me. I here learned a fact, which I must put upon record before it escape my memory. Some few years ago (about seven, perhaps), at the public sale by auction of the goods of a then recently deceased Attorney of the name of HYDE, in this city, there were, amongst the goods to be sold, the portraits of Pitt, Burdett, and Paine, all framed and glazed. PITT,

with hard driving and very lofty praises, fetched *fifteen shillings*; BURDETT fetched *twenty-seven shillings*. PAINE, was, in great haste, knocked down at *five pounds*; and my informant was convinced, that the lucky purchaser might have had *fifteen pounds* for it.—I hear COLONEL DAVIES spoken of here with great approbation: he will soon have an opportunity of showing us whether he deserve it.—The hop-picking and bagging is over here. The crop, as in the other hop-countries, has been very great, and the quality as good as ever was known. The average price appears to be about 75s. the hundred weight. The reader (if he do not belong to a hop-country) should be told, that hop-planters, and even all their neighbours, are, as hop-ward, *mad*, though the most sane and reasonable people as to all other matters.—They are ten times more jealous upon this score than men *ever are* of their *wives*; aye, and than they are of their *mistresses*, which is going a great deal farther. I, who am a *Farnham* man, was well aware of this foible; and, therefore, when a gentleman told me, that he would not brew with *Farnham hops*, *if he could have them as a gift*, I took special care not to ask him, how it *came to pass*, that the *Farnham hops* always sold at about *double the price* of the *Worcester*; but, if he had said the same thing to any other *Farnham* man that I ever saw, I should have preferred being absent from the spot: the hops are bitter, but nothing is their bitterness compared to the language that my townsman would have put forth.

This city, or this neighbourhood, at least, being the birth-place of what I have called, the "*LITTLE - SHILLING PROJECT*," and MESSRS. ATWOOD and SPOONER being the originators of the project, and the project having been adopted by Mr. WESTERN, and having been by him now again recently urged upon the Ministers, in a Letter to Lord Liverpool, and it being possible that some worthy persons may be misled, and even ruined, by the confident assertions and the pertinacity of the projectors; this being the case, and I having half an hour to spare, will here endeavour to show, in as few words as I can, that this project, if put into execution, would produce injustice the most crying that the world ever heard of, and would, in the present state of things, infallibly lead to a violent revolution.—The project is to "*lower the standard*," as they call it; that is to say, to make a *sovereign pass for more than 20s.* In what degree they would reduce the standard, they do not say; but, a vile pamphlet writer, whose name is CRUTWELL, and who is a *beneficed parson*, and who has most foully abused me, because I laugh at the project, says that he would reduce it *one half*; that is to say, that he would make a *sovereign pass for two pounds*. Well, then, let us, for plainness sake, suppose that the *present sovereign* is, all at once, to pass for *two pounds*. What will the consequences be? Why, here is a parson, who receives his tithes in kind, and whose tithes are, we will suppose, a thousand bushels of wheat in a year, on an average; and he owes a thousand pounds to some-

body. He will *pay his debt with 500 sovereigns*, and he will *still receive his thousand bushels of wheat a year!*—I let a farm for 100*l.* a year, by the year; and I have a mortgage of 2,000*l.* upon it, the interest just taking away the rent. Pass the project, and then I, of course, *raise my rent to 200l. a year*, and I *still pay the mortgagee 100l. a year!*—What can be plainer than this!—But, the Banker's is the fine case. I deposit with a banker a thousand *whole sovereigns* to-day. Pass the project to-morrow; and the banker pays me my deposit with a thousand *half sovereigns!*—If, indeed, you could *double the quantity of corn and meat and all goods by the same act of parliament*; then, all would be right; but, *that quantity will remain what it was before you passed the project*; and, of course, the money being doubled in nominal amount, *the price of the goods would be doubled.*—There needs not another word upon the subject; and, whatever may be the national inference respecting the intellects of Messrs. ATWOOD and SPOONER, I must say, that I do most sincerely believe, that there is not one of my readers, who will not feel astonishment, that any men, having the reputation of men of sound mind, should not clearly see, that such a project must almost instantly produce a revolution of the most dreadful character.

STANFORD PARK, WEDNESDAY, 27. Sept. MORNING.—In a letter which I received from SIR THOMAS WINNINGTON (one of the Members for this county), last year, he was good enough to request that I would call upon

him, if I ever came into *Worcestershire*, which I told him I would do; and accordingly here we are in his house, situated, certainly, in one of the finest spots in all England. We left WORCESTER yesterday about ten o'clock, crossed the Severn, which runs close by the town, and came on to this place, which lies in a north-western direction from Worcester, at 14 miles distance from that city, and at about six from the borders of Shropshire. About four miles back we passed by the park and through the estate of LORD FOLEY, to whom is due the praise of being a most indefatigable and successful *planter of trees*. He seems to have taken uncommon pains in the execution of this work; and he has the merit of *disinterestedness*, the trees being chiefly oaks, which he is *sure* he can never see grow to timber.—We crossed the TEME RIVER just before we got here. SIR THOMAS was out shooting; but he soon came home, and gave us a very polite reception.—I had time yesterday, to see the place, to look at trees, and the like, and I wished to get away early this morning; but, being prevailed on to stay to breakfast, here I am, at six o'clock in the morning, in one of the best and best-stocked *private libraries that I ever saw*; and, what is more, the owner, from what passed yesterday, when he brought me hither, convinced me, that he was acquainted with the *insides of the books*. I asked, and shall ask, no questions about who got these books together; but the collection is such as, I am sure, I never saw before in a private house.

The house and stable and

courts are such as they ought to be for the great estate that surrounds them; and the park is every thing that is beautiful. On one side of the house, looking over a fine piece of water, you see a distant valley, opening between lofty hills; on another side the ground descends a little at first, then goes gently rising for a while, and then rapidly, to the distance of a mile perhaps, where it is crowned with trees in irregular patches, or groups, single and most magnificent trees being scattered all over the whole of the park; on another side, there rise up beautiful little hills, some in the form of barrows on the downs, only forty or a hundred times as large, one or two with no trees on them, and others topped with trees; but, on one of these little hills, and some yards higher than the lofty trees which are on this little hill, you see rising up the tower of the parish church, which hill is, I think, taken all together, amongst the most delightful objects that I ever beheld.

"Well, then," says the devil of laziness, "and could you not be contented to live here all the rest of your life; and never again pester yourself with the cursed politics?"—"Why, I think I have laboured enough. Let others work now. And such a pretty place for coursing and for hare-hunting and woodcock shooting, I dare say; and then those pretty wild-ducks in the water, and the flowers and the grass and the trees and all the birds in spring and the fresh air, and never, never again to be stifled with the smoke that from the infernal Wren ascendeth for ever more and that

"every easterly wind brings to choke me at Kensington!" The last word of this soliloquy carried me back, slap, to my own study (very much unlike that which I am in), and bade me think of the GRIDIRON; bade me think of the complete triumph that I have yet to enjoy; promised me the pleasure of seeing a million of trees of my own, and sown by my own hands this very year. Ah! but the hares and the pheasants and the wild-ducks! Yes, but the delight of seeing PROSPERITY ROBINSON hang his head for shame; the delight of beholding the tormenting embarrassments of those who have so long retained crowds of base miscreants to revile me; the delight of ousting spitten-upon STANLEY and bound-over WOOD! Yes, but, then, the flowers and the birds and the sweet air! What, then, shall CANNING never again hear of the "revered and ruptured Ogden"? Shall he go into his grave without being again reminded of "driving at the whole herd, in order to get at the ignoble animal"! Shall he never again be told of SIX-ACTS and of his wish "to extinguish that accursed torch of discord for ever"! Oh! God forbid! farewell hares and dogs and birds! What! shall SIDMOUTH, then, never again hear of his *Power-of-Imprisonment Bill*, of his *Circular*, of his *Letter of Thanks to the Manchester Yeomanry*!—I really jumped up when this thought came athwart my mind, and, without thinking of the breakfast, said to GEORGE, who was sitting by me, "Go, George, and tell them to saddle the horses"; for, it seemed to me, that I had been meditating

some crime. Upon George asking me, Whether I would not *stop to breakfast*? I bade him not order the horses out yet; and here we are, waiting for breakfast.

RYALL, WEDNESDAY NIGHT, 27th SEPT.—After breakfast we took our leave of Sir THOMAS WINNINGTON, and of STANFORD, very much pleased with our visit. We wished to reach Ryall as early as possible in the day, and we did not, therefore, stop at Worcester. We got here about three o'clock, and we intend to set off, in another direction, early in the morning.

#### ANDOVER MEETING.

THOUGH this affair appears trifling, in itself considered, it is, as to that which it is an indication of, a matter of great consequence; for, the fact, which it has discovered, is this; that renting farmers begin to see, that *Corn Bills* are *no good TO THEM*. To be sure they are not, seeing that the landlord will always, and justly too, demand and obtain a rent proportioned to the price of the produce of the land. What good, then, can high prices do to the renting farmer? This seems to have been seen by the renting farmers at ANDOVER, who also seem to have perceived, that the thing wanted is, a *taking off of the taxes*.—I, agreeably to my promise, now insert the Report of the proceedings of the Meeting, as I find that Report in the Morning Chronicle.—This SIR JOHN POLLEN is the son of the old one of the same name, whom I once saw, with twenty-three others, (a lord being one of the

number), following, at the heels of OLD GEORGE ROSE, down the street of Winchester, from the Castle to the White Hart Inn. They were the *Grand Jury*; and, there was *George*, there was this late purser of the navy, marching in front like a *Serjeant at the head of his guard of common soldiers*, and there were these *lords* and *baronets* coming along, rank and file, at his heels. When George came opposite a saddler's shop, he went into it; and there stood his followers out in the street, waiting till he came back and put himself at their head again; and, then, on the crew marched at his heels to the Inn! Nay, at this assizes, the *Grand Jury*, and even the Court, *waited for George's arrival from London*, before proceeding to swear in the *Grand Jury*! Here were all the gentlemen of an English county dancing attendance on a Scotch purser of the navy! "The *end* of these things is death;" that is, *political death*. Such things cannot be without there being the principle of *political destruction* at work. The ancient laws and usages of England must be totally rooted out; or, such things as these must be effectually put an end to.—How completely the base spaniels are now matched! They looked upon GEORGE ROSE as a great *protector* and *patron*. They thought, that he would secure them against the people, and, at the same time, get them sinecures and salaries and pensions out of the sweat of the people. What glorious success had George, for many years! But, the Old Purser *slipped off*, just as the time was come for the spaniels to call on him *for aid*! This was hardly fair

in George, who had had so much to do in bringing the poor spaniels into the mess.—This Sir JOHN POLLEN says, that it is *impossible to reduce the interest of the Debt*. I say so too, *unless there be a reform of the parliament*. I say, that, without such reform, you *shall not* reduce it, Sir John. You think, most likely, that such reform would put an end to your functions *as a lawgiver*. I think you are right; but, *unless the interest of the Debt be reduced*, the land must all speedily pass away from the present owners, or, at least, all the *rents* must; and, as it is not being much of a *landlord* without rents, it seems to me, that your choice lies between ceasing to be *landlord* and ceasing to be *law-giver*. Alas! SIR JOHN, of what avail is the indulgence in *twattle*, even before the worshipful and venerable corporation of Andover! Give it up, Sir John; let us have a reform, and keep you your rents.—As to the pretence, that *dear corn is good for the labourers*; and that it is out of *pure compassion* **FOR THEM** that the landlords want dear corn, it is, surely, a pretence too barefaced, a lie too base, to have been resorted to by any things in human shape, except those who have shown their love for the labourers by applauding the *transportation* of them for poaching; by inventing *tread-mills* for them; by procuring a *select vestry law*, intended expressly to *lessen the power of a humane Magistrate to give relief to the poor*, and which select-vestry law (brought in by a Hampshire parson's son) was hatched in Hampshire, and had never been thought of any where else.—However, the bare-

faced pretence, the base lie, will be of no avail. They will deceive nobody, and especially the labourers, who hate and detest and abhor their oppressors. I wish the *Ministers* could hear, a little, what the labourers say as to these matters. They would then have a pretty clear view of what the **END** will probably be. But, let them despise this advice, and resort to that of STURGES and the HAMPSHIRE PARSONS; and let them enjoy the consequences.

#### MEETING IN HAMPSHIRE TO PETITION PARLIAMENT IN FAVOUR OF THE CORN LAWS.

(From the Morning Chronicle of the 25th of September.)

On Friday last a Meeting of the Great Landholders and Farmers of Andover and its vicinity took place at the George Inn, in that town, in pursuance of the following Advertisement:—

“At a Meeting at Andover, in the County of Southampton, this day, of the Owners and Occupiers of Land in its vicinity, convened for the purpose of Considering the Present Situation of the Corn Laws, it was Resolved that a further Meeting should take place on Friday, the 22d of September, at Twelve o'clock at Noon, at the George Inn, and that this Resolution be inserted in ‘The Salisbury Journal’ and ‘The Hampshire Chronicle,’ when all Persons interested in the above Question are requested to attend.

“By Order of the Meeting,  
“R. B. Cox, Chairman.  
“Andover, August 26, 1826.”

It was suspected, from the obscure manner in which this advertisement was worded, as well as from the infrequency of the notice, that the Meeting was intended to be a snug one, in order that the Landowners might have everything in their own way; and it was determined that,

notwithstanding the known arbitrary exercise of the power of this sort of gentry, in this part of the country, the farmers should oppose them in any measure that did not appear to be as good for the occupiers as for them. The following notice was sent round on the morning the Meeting took place, and had the effect of crowding to excess the great room of the George Inn at the hour appointed:—

*“ To the Farmers, Householders, and Inhabitants of Andover and its vicinity.*

*“ As a Public Meeting is advertised to be held at the George Inn, at Andover, on Friday, the 22d instant, (signed B. Cox, Chairman,) it behoves every man in that district interested in the PRICE of BREAD and the WELFARE of his COUNTRY, to give his personal attendance at the said Meeting.*

*“ A SMALL LANDHOLDER,  
“ AND AN OLD FARMER.”*

Richard Bethel Cox, Esq., the old acquaintance and associate of his Majesty, was called to the Chair.

Amongst those who sat at the head of the room, were Sir John Pollen, one of the Members for Andover, Colonel Ironmonger, the Rev. Mr. Halton, the Rev. Mr. Hurd, Mr. Tredgold, Mr. Marsh, &c.

The business was just about to commence, when, to the surprise and annoyance of several of the leading persons, in walked Mr. Hunt. The farmers had gathered together in a thick crowd at the end of the room, where they remained standing at a respectful distance from their Landlords and Magistrates. It is necessary to observe here, that those farmers who were out of sight of the formidable body arrayed at the top of the room, displayed a great deal more of the spirit of contradiction and resistance, than was manifested by those who were full in their view.

The *Chairman* having read the Advertisement, said, Gentlemen, I have here a string of Resolutions, to which it will give us great satisfaction, to, have your approval.

Without any further preliminary, he then read the Resolutions. The following is a *verbatim* copy of them, as they were drawn up by Mr. Cox himself, who, it will be seen, was so sure of carrying them *nem. con.* that he mentioned that event as having taken place before the Meeting assembled.

#### RESOLUTIONS.

The Meeting having taken place agreeably to the Advertisement in the several Papers, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted, on the motion of Sir J. Pollen—seconded by Colonel Ironmonger—

“ 1. That this Meeting is deeply impressed with the expediency of petitioning the Legislature against any alteration in the Corn Laws relative to the importation of grain, of such a nature as may affect or injure the British growers of corn; or in any manner prevent their receiving that fair remuneration which is so justly due to them for the employment and risk of their capital, as well as for their skill and industry; and viewing with great concern the distress which has so generally assailed the country, more particularly that portion of the community which is dependent on the soil, they fearfully anticipate the augmentation of those evils which would arise, if the measures that appear to be in contemplation, with regard to a free trade in corn and wool, should be persevered in, by which the agriculturists would be deprived of that protection so necessary to their success.

“ 2. That this Meeting cannot omit the occasion of observing, that from the number of labourers now out of employ, for whom no work adequate to their sustenance can be found at the present reduced price of produce, their expenses must naturally increase, unless some relief be afforded to the occupiers of land; and it is but justice to the labouring class to say, that they have hitherto borne their privations with a becoming submission, and conduct themselves in the most orderly manner.

“ 3. That this Meeting begs leave to differ widely from the sentiments of those persons who have imagined, that any branch of the lower class of people, and particularly the suffering ma-

manufacturers, have any reason to attribute their distresses to the present existing Corn Laws; on the contrary, it is their opinion, that any plan for the introduction of foreign corn would so depreciate the home market, that whilst it injured the general agricultural interest, it would by no means afford to the manufacturers that relief which they have been induced to believe would accrue to them by the adoption of such a measure.

"4. That this Meeting contemplates with sincere regret the present situation of the Wool-market, the depressed state of which is such that it actually ceases to relieve any proportional part of the expenses incident to agriculture, and on which the growers of wool have in a great measure depended; and they cannot help observing, that they feel themselves grievously injured by the freedom allowed to the introduction of foreign wool, and the decided preference given to it over that of their own country, for the improvement of which they have been encouraged from the highest authorities; and thus were led into great and unforeseen expenses, for which they have never been requited; and this Meeting feels itself warranted in this observation, by the notorious fact, that the average import of ten years, from 1800 to 1810, under the old duties, was 4,740,584 lbs., whilst the import of one year, namely, 1825, under the new regulations, was 43,700,558 lbs., the home Market being thereby utterly destroyed.

"That this Meeting, relying on the wisdom of Parliament, humbly hopes and prays, that in the consideration of this momentous question they will not lose sight of the general Agricultural interest of the kingdom, the support of which, as forming a material feature in its constitution, is so absolutely necessary to its welfare and happiness.

"In conformity to these Resolutions, this Meeting recommends that petitions be prepared to both Houses of Parliament; and remain

; and when signed, one part to be sent to the Earl of Malmsbury, requesting him to have the goodness to present the same to the House of Lords; and that the Members of this Borough be also requested to present a duplicate of the same to the Honourable the Commons House of Parliament."

Upon the motion of Mr. Henry Marsh, the Petition, founded upon those Resolutions, was read. It was the echo of them.

No person having arisen to propose that the Resolutions should be adopted, Mr. Marsh expressed his surprise at the delay—somebody, said he, surely will move.

Sir John Pollen, after some little hesitation: "I move, Mr. Chairman, that those Resolutions be adopted." Sir John then sat down. Here there was another pause.

Mr. Hunt: As we are unenlightened, many of us, Mr. Chairman, upon the subject on which you have called us together, I am sure the Mover and Seconder cannot refuse to give us their opinions on the question for our edification.

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notwithstanding the known arbitrary exercise of the power of this sort of gentry, in this part of the country, the farmers should oppose them in any measure that did not appear to be as good for the occupiers as for them. The following notice was sent round on the morning the Meeting took place, and had the effect of crowding to excess the great room of the George Inn at the hour appointed:—

*"To the Farmers, Householders, and Inhabitants of Andover and its vicinity."*

"As a Public Meeting is advertised to be held at the George Inn, at Andover, on Friday, the 22d instant, (signed B. Cox, Chairman,) it behoves every man in that district interested in the PRICE OF BREAD and the WELFARE of his COUNTRY, to give his personal attendance at the said Meeting.

"A SMALL LANDHOLDER,  
"AND AN OLD FARMER."

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measures for the protection of the agricultural interests. We are apprehensive that Ministers are going to adopt, with respect to the importation of corn and wool, certain regulations, calculated to prejudice those interested in an extensive degree. It must strike you all, that with our corn under 60s. we cannot go on, unless, indeed, Ministers choose to adopt, what I think is very improbable, a reduction in the National Debt. I consider that event, indeed wholly impossible. If, therefore, they continue to suspend the operation of the existing Corn Laws, or make further regulations for the purpose of encouraging a free trade, there can be no hope for the poor, who are already suffering great privations. With respect to wool, the competition of foreign markets has been so injuriously encouraged, that no one ever asks for it here. The only chance we have is to be afforded by the full operation of the Corn Laws. The farmer gives now to the labourers as much as he can afford; and it is melancholy to see the poor devils with scarcely a rag to their backs. By any alteration of the nature I have alluded to, their situation must become infinitely worse. I really believe that they now suffer more than the manufacturing labourer:—[Cries of “they do—they do.”]—For these reasons, Gentlemen, I propose the resolutions which you have just heard read. [Applause from the Landowners, and two or three of the Farmers; but murmuring amongst the great majority of the persons in the room.]

Mr. *Marsh* said that he fully agreed with the Honourable Baronet, and with the Resolutions upon the subject of the great distress existing among the agricultural labourers. The misery was, indeed, extreme, and would be worse if not at once interfered with. But he differed from them essentially as to the means of remedying the evil. He by no means thought that the mode proposed would have the desired effect,

and he was convinced, that at the same time that that mode would not benefit the agricultural, it would do great mischief to the manufacturing interests. In adopting Resolutions for the supposed benefit of some classes, the condition of other classes ought surely to be looked to; but here was a measure proposed which would tend to aggravate the general calamity. One practical proof was worth a thousand deductions from argument. The country had those Corn Laws for several years, and every one of those years was a year of agricultural distress. [Hear, hear, hear! amongst the farmers.] What was the cause of all this? Was it the competition of foreign markets? No. Was it the work of adverse seasons? No. Ministers themselves said, that the seasons had been so extremely prosperous, that the country was overstocked; that we had too much of every thing, and therefore were approaching to starvation. [Laughter.] A Corn Bill was to be the remedy for all those horrors, from whatever source they arose; and how had it succeeded? The real cause was far different from that which a Corn Bill could remove. The real situation of the country was this:—an enormous mortgage had been contracted in the shape of interest upon the National Debt. The currency of the realm had been tampered with—the Government had tried to pay off the interest of the vast debt by various expedients. A great proportion of it had been contracted in a depreciated medium, and rents, tithes, mortgages, and nearly all contracts were regulated by that depreciation. Government afterwards attempted again to interfere with the currency; but never allowed the interest of the Debt to be interfered with, nor caused any reduction to be made in its own establishments to meet the change. He regretted to see that a difference existed between the agricultural and manufacturing interests. It was dreadful to see them contending,

like two hands petitioning the body to paralyse each other. Why would they not unite, and call upon the Government to enable them to sell at a rate commensurate with the present system of taxation, or reduce the taxes to their present capabilities? [Cheers.] Evil must arise from a division between those great and mutually dependent interests, and they were to be relieved by the same means, but not by a Corn Bill. The distress had arisen, not from famine, nor from any cause over which man had no control, but from certain acts of the Legislature, and was to be removed by the adoption of measures, which a Petition he had prepared would point out. [Hear, hear!] Mr. M. then read the Petition, which was as follows:—

*“To the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled:—*

*“The humble Petition of the undersigned Owners and Occupiers of Land, and those interested in the present situation of the Corn Laws, residing in Andover and its vicinity—*

*“Sheweth—That your Petitioners, in common with the rest of His Majesty’s loyal subjects, have beheld with unfeigned regret the unparalleled state of distress and destitution to which a very large proportion of the productive and industrious classes of society have been lately reduced: and though your Petitioners have not as yet experienced to the full that distress which has of late fallen so heavily on the trading and manufacturing classes; yet, from existing circumstances, your Petitioners humbly conceive they have every reason to apprehend, that ere long they shall be reduced to a state of equal embarrassment, distress, and ruin, unless some effectual means are adopted to prevent the same. That your Petitioners feel conscious, that the distressing situation to which they are hastening, does not arise from any previous mismanagement or neglect in the method of conducting their own concerns, but altogether from causes*

*over which they have no control. Your Petitioners humbly conceive that the principal cause of the present state of embarrassment and distress arises chiefly from certain Acts passed by your Honourable House, in conjunction with the other branches of the Legislature: first, that the Legislature did suspend cash-payments at the Bank of England, and by so doing, produced a manifest change in the value of the circulating medium of the country; secondly, that the Legislature did contract an immense debt, commonly called the National Debt, and that a very large proportion of the said debt was contracted in a depreciated medium; thirdly, that the establishments of Government were raised in consequence of the said depreciation; that rents, tithes, rates, mortgages, and almost all agreements and contracts, were made in, and regulated by, the altered currency; fourthly, that the Legislature did, at a subsequent period, again tamper with and essentially change the currency, without, at the same time, lowering the interest of the afore-mentioned debt, or reducing the establishments of Government, or by making any equitable arrangement between creditor and debtor, by which means nearly the whole of the productive and industrious classes of society were involved in great distress and difficulties, and very many consigned to absolute ruin. Your Petitioners humbly conceive, that, under the existing state of taxation, rents, tithes, poor-rates, and other out-goings from the lands, it is utterly impossible for your Petitioners to bring to market the products of the soil at the same prices that many nations on the continent of Europe and America are enabled to do; at the same time that your Petitioners feel how utterly impossible it is for them to compete with foreigners under the present pressure and burdens they have to sustain; still your Petitioners are by no means desirous that any measures should be adopted with a view to protect their interests, at the expense or to the injury of any of the other industrious classes of the community; but that your Honourable House will speedily adopt such energetic measures as may enable not only your Petitioners, but also the other productive classes, to exercise their various callings and avocations, with*

a fair probability of success; and with a view to accomplish so desirable an end, your Petitioners humbly conceive that a *very large reduction of the burdens under which we at present labour can alone enable us to compete with foreign countries*, and restore the nation to that state of prosperity and happiness, to which, by the capital, the skill, and the industry of its inhabitants, it is so justly entitled; and your Petitioners will ever pray, &c."

Mr. Marsh said, one of the objects of this Petition was to show that those who should agree to it did not mean to put the burden from off their own backs upon the backs of the manufacturers. The plan of Government was nothing more nor less than a compromise with the public creditor. Twenty shillings were paid in such a manner as to go no further than ten shillings. It was like the conduct of the tradesman who owed 100*l.* but who could not pay it, except in goods which he had in his shop. He repeated, that Government ought to be asked by the Meeting, either to find a market for the produce of their land, or to reduce the burdens to their circumstances. He then, amidst applauses, moved his Petition as an Amendment to the Petition and Resolutions of Sir John Pollen.

Mr. Hunt rose to second Mr. Marsh's Petition. I congratulate you, said he, and the town of Andover, upon the extraordinary event that is now occurring. You are met, Gentlemen, for the first time within the memory of man, for the purpose of expressing your sentiments [a laugh]. I came here without knowing what on earth was the object of those gentlemen who called us together, but I cannot help expressing my astonishment at the fact, that in the year 1826, Resolutions should be brought forward, and a Petition moved to the Legislature for such a purpose as that which has been just professed:—that a set of landholders should, at this time of day, ask the farmers to do—what? why to join them in supporting the

principle of high rents [hear, hear, from the farmers who were not within view]. I'll ask every one of those farmers, whether he is not convinced, that when the Corn Bill was in full force, ruin was going on rapidly? [Cries of "Yes, yes," and applause.] You have all seen its operation, and there is not a man amongst you who is not perfectly convinced that not one atom of good will it ever do for you or your posterity. It is a tax to support the landlord upon the vitals of the tenant, who is in turn compelled to take the sweat of the poor labourer for little or nothing. It has been well called a tax upon bread. Sir John Pollen says, it is terrible to see the poor devils suffering. Indeed it is terrible; they are devils in suffering, at any rate. The honest, hard-working peasant is tortured by want and nakedness, and so far the comparison is just; but does not Sir John Pollen know how to take him out of the abyss of evil into which he has sunk? Let him and his brother landholders reduce their rents one-half, and he will see what a powerful effect that will have in a short time [cries of "he can't do that; it is impossible," and murmuring amongst the landholders]. Call upon the Government to reduce the taxes two thirds ["aye, that would be something," from the landholders]. If you but join the public in one universal demand, the object must be accomplished. Sir John Pollen has told us, that he feared Ministers intended to adopt further regulations, in contravention of the Corn Laws. Where had he got this information? Nowhere. Sir John knew well what must be done. He anticipated the measures of Ministers, because he was aware that they could not help keeping open the ports. No doubt it would not be done without a protecting duty, and if they abolish the Corn Laws, and adopt the principles of free trade, without at the same time absolving the farmer from his leases, they will

deserve to be impeached as traitors to their country [cheers]. Why is there any surprise expressed at the distress which every where stares us in the face? What could the people expect to see but distress, after the mad war in which England has been engaged for so many years, and which has swallowed up our means and destroyed the character of the labouring classes—that mad war, against which, some time ago, if a man spoke a word, he was liable to be imprisoned as I have been, or even put to death as others have been [cheers]. Do the people think to get over their difficulties without feeling some of the effects of that frantic system? It would be ridiculous to suppose so. The manufacturers suffer one day, we another. Why then not join and prevent Government from knocking one head against the other; from making the fear of injuring the one an excuse for doing no good to either? [a laugh and applause.] I approve of Mr. Marsh's Petition. To be sure, it does not go exactly as far as I am inclined to go, but it is altogether unobjectionable. Indeed it may be considered as useless to endeavour to influence Ministers upon this question; if they choose, they will do the thing in spite of this respectable meeting [laughter]. But it is at the same time pleasant to send to the legislature a Petition which we know will, in some measure, be adapted to the taste of those whom we address. Depend upon it, there will be thousands of Petitions sent in praying destruction to this Landlord's Bill. What! the Landholder says, do you want to ruin the Farmer? This is all nonsense. The cry was raised in order to excite the Farmer to support that system, which has been degrading the great population of this country. He is made to perform the odious task of screwing up the poor devils, as Sir John calls them, by the exorbitant demands made upon himself [applause]. I should be glad to have an instance of the

condition of the agricultural labourer in Sir John Pollen's father's time, and in his own. What was the amount of wages at the former period—say, forty years ago?

*Sir John Pollen:* This has nothing to do with the present subject. [Cries of "it has—it has!"]

*Mr. Hunt:* It may be very unpleasant to you, Sir John; but I do not wish to particularise. I will take a common case; What was the state of wages at that time—say, in Wiltshire—and what is it now that the value of the estates is trebled?—Why, it was six shillings then, and now it is seven. [Several of the Landowners exclaimed, "No, no! our workmen make a great deal more."] I say that the average amongst those who have any wages at all, is seven shillings.

*A Landowner:*—Because they are lazy.

*Mr. Hunt:*—Aye, Aye; call them lazy now. Well, you may call them "poor devils," as they were called a little while ago. But call upon Government to remove those dreadful burdens called Taxes, and lower the rents yourselves, and the poor industrious peasant will no longer be a poor devil, but a happy fellow, with, as was formerly the case, a pig in his sty.

*Mr. Wickham:*—I have not a labourer who has not a pig in his sty.

*Mr. Hunt:*—There may be here and there an instance; but can any one say that the picture I have drawn is overcharged? Will any one deny that the condition of the labourers, even of those who are in employment, is not most wretched? Why should this be so? Within the last forty years land has risen threefold, and still the landlord says the farmer cannot give higher wages to the labourer [cries of "No, he cannot!"] And why can he not? Because the landlord will not enable him; but compels him, by keeping up his rent, to perform the execrable office of starving the poor, who work for him morning, noon, and night. His Majesty's salary was raised from

300,000l. to 1,000,000l. a year on account of the high price of provisions. The price of the loaf was the excuse for that; but when the price fell, where was the man who stood up for the reduction of the enormous addition [cheers]? You see the principle pervades all ranks of society; but it operates with tenfold bitterness upon the poor. The people are satisfied of the truth of what I say. Depend upon it, no Corn Bill will be advocated again in this country. The people are now satisfied of the folly of approving of what they have been suffering by for years. Mr. Hunt threw much blame upon the farmers themselves; who, he said, whenever they heard that a farm was to let, ran off helter skelter, and took it at an enormous price, and therefore could not contrive to live without screwing the poor. Was such a system to be carried on without expostulation? No. There would be found, in every part of England where attempts might be made to recommend it, somebody or other to expose it. [Cheers.] He could not help calling upon the Meeting to look at the case of the Prince of Saxe Coburg, at the salary which that gentleman enjoyed, who determined to spend his 50,000l. a year, which was paid out of the pockets of the people of England, amongst the people of Germany.

One of the Landowners: Why, Mr. Hunt, if you wish to discuss subjects of this kind, do you not call a Meeting for that purpose?

Mr. Hunt said, the reduction of this enormous tax upon the people was to the purpose. He would also say, "Abolish the Game Laws."

Here several of the Landowners requested that he would not touch the subject of the Game Laws.

Mr. Hunt said, they had assembled together to devise means for relieving the agricultural distresses. It therefore became him to speak of the Game Laws. On those lands where there were great game preserves, the destruction of human food by hares was dreadful. He

would mention one instance. At Netheravon, where there was a great game preserve, the property of Michael Hickbeach, it was the practice, when a farmer went to take land, to abide by the calculation made by a surveyor, and agreed to by the landowner, which calculation proved, that out of every eight sacks of wheat, the hares destroyed two, so that it was ascertained, that in one year those vermin destroyed more wheat than the whole population of the parish could consume in three. [Hear, hear! from the farmers.] He would assert, without fear of contradiction, that in those places where there were extensive preserves, the hares certainly destroyed as much corn as would support all the population, exclusive of large cities and towns. He described the necessity of at least modifying those laws; of giving the farmer and his friends leave to shoot upon the ground which he tilled, and thus preventing him from setting his foot, as was now his practice, upon the partridges' nests, wherever he found them. [Applause, and some cries of "No, no; the farmers do no such thing."] Mr. Hunt concluded by calling on the Meeting to unite in the endeavours to relieve themselves and the 'poor devils' who had been so accurately described by the Honourable Baronet, by supporting the Amendment.

Sir John Pollen: When I made use of the epithet, "poor devils," God knows I meant nothing unkind. [Cries of "No, no."] You have been rather hard on us landholders, Mr. Hunt.

Mr. Hunt: I by no means charge you with an unkind thought. I know, Sir John, that you have spoken figuratively of their condition, not of their deserts.

Several Farmers: We want no Corn Laws: we have had enough of them.

The Reverend Mr. Halton said, with whatever approbation he might view certain parts of the Amendment, he certainly thought it would be ad-

visible to set it aside for the present. All who were assembled were friends; they were all interested in the question, but they had different views with respect to it.

Mr. Marsh: Yes, indeed, it is evident that we have.

The Chairman was then called upon to put the question, and a difficulty arose as to who were entitled to vote.

Sir John Pollen: None can vote except the owners and occupiers of land. If all here are allowed to vote, we shall certainly lose our Petition.

Mr. Hunt: All here are interested. Look to your advertisement. There is not a man here who does not either eat bread or wish to eat it. [A laugh.] Every man here has a house over his head, and is entitled to vote according to the terms.

Sir John Pollen, upon looking at the Requisition, admitted, that though it was not meant that any should be present except landowners and occupiers, the introduction of the unfortunate word "interested" left them no alternative. If the Amendment, were carried, however, he should never sign it.

Mr. Hunt: No; you need not do so at all. It signifies nothing whether it is signed or not. You can sign your own if you choose, and present it to the House, and perhaps you can get the House to attend to it.— [A laugh.]

A Landowner: Can we sign our own Petition, and present it?

Mr. Hunt: To be sure you can. It is but a Petition after all, and will have no effect one way or the other there. [Laughter.]

The Rev. Mr. Halton insisted that the terms of the Requisition certainly meant "owners and occupiers."— Eaters of bread, merely as eaters of bread, had no business amongst them.

Mr. Hunt: "Upon my word I am afraid not." [Loud laughter.]

The Rev. Mr. Halton did not mean to cast any imputation upon those who had no right to vote; but he did

not see how the mere eaters of bread could be said to be interested in what concerned owners and occupiers of land. He hoped to see all eater of bread with plenty of bread to eat.

A Farmer at the end of the room—"That can't be while the empty gut system goes on."

Sir John Pollen, upon looking over the Requisition again, said that he was of Mr. Halton's opinion, that the word "interested" meant growers of corn. [A laugh.]

Mr. Hunt: Settle it some way, for God's sake. I dare say some London newspaper will have an account of what is going on here.— [The landowners looked about inquisitively, and then looked at each other.] Don't let it be said that you wanted to sneak out of the business. I hope, whoever is reporting here, will have mercy upon us all.— [Laughter amongst the farmers.]

The Chairman: Who is to decide the question, as to who are interested?

The Farmers: We are all interested. There is not a man amongst us who is not an occupier of land.

The Rev. Mr. Halton: The Requisition was worded by Mr. Cox, and he meant that it should apply to none but the owners and occupiers of land.

Mr. Hunt: Perhaps it is the best way to wrangle, and get rid of the thing altogether. At Warminster, we had a Meeting; and the Chairman, who did not like to see his snug plans overturned, took it into his head that he could destroy the effect of our opposition by leaving the Chair. He did so; but we soon elected another, and we passed our Resolutions comfortably enough.— There is always a remedy at hand for the exalted indignation of a Chairman. [A laugh.]

A Landholder: You are clashing together the Agriculturist and the Manufacturer.

The Rev. Mr. Noice: None should be allowed to vote at this Meeting but owners and occupiers. Is there

any instance in which the Manufacturers permit the Agriculturists to be present at their Meetings?—None.

Mr. Marsh: It is, indeed, ridiculous to see the two interests clash so greatly.

Mr. Hunt, in answer to Mr. Noice's question: I never in my life heard of the exclusion of an Agriculturist from a Meeting of Manufacturers, and I have attended hundreds of Manufacturers' Meetings. [Cheers.] Never did such a thing occur.

The Rev. Dr. Hurd—I object, Mr. Chairman, to the Amendment, upon the ground that it is not couched in *respectable* language. Here is the word "tamper" used. That is a very improper word to use in a Petition to the House of Commons. "Tamper" is not at all a *respectable* word to use, in addressing that Honourable House. I have another objection, Sir, to the Petition. The Petitioners prescribe a remedy, instead of leaving it to Parliament to do what in their wisdom they may think fit. This is dictating to the Legislature.

Mr. Marsh—I appeal to the facts which have taken place to the knowledge of every body, to bear me out in saying, that the House of Commons "tampered" with the Currency.—He then repeated the well-known instances which are alluded to in the Petition, and said, that if such conduct was not "tampering," he knew nothing at all of the English language [cheers].

The Rev. Dr. Hurd persisted in saying, that the language objected to was not sufficiently *respectable* to appear before the House of Commons.

Mr. Hunt said, he could answer for the respectability of the language, and he thought it quite respectful enough, too. It was not necessary that they should be very fastidious in speaking of the late House of Commons, as it was dead and gone; and for aught he knew or cared, something else might have happened to it [loud laughter], as the Rev. Doctor might be perhaps aware

from his knowledge of the after state of being. [More laughter.]

Sir John Pollen, after due consideration, stated, that he considered the word "tamper" was not an improper word.

Mr. Hunt: You must admit, Sir John, that it is a Parliamentary phrase?

Sir John Pollen: I believe it is not unparliamentary. [Laughter.]

Sir John Pollen: If this Petition of Mr. Marsh's is adopted by the meeting, I shall certainly protest against it as the petition of persons who had nothing to do with the question, and as having done away with the Petition of those who had.

Mr. Hunt: Very well, Sir John; you can protest, if you please. If we carry our Petition, the eaters of corn will excuse the protest. [Laughter.]

At length the Chairman, after a great number of ineffectual attempts, put the question; and Mr. Marsh's Amendment was carried by a great majority, amidst the cheers of the multitude. We saw no more than one poor solitary old farmer hold up his hand against it, and he was in view of the landlords, and scarcely raised his shrivelled fingers as high as his head. "Ah," said some of his neighbours, "if he was out of sight, he'd be as independent as any of us." It had been suggested that the "Ayes" should go to one side of the room, and the "Noes" to the other; but to this proposition Mr. Hunt would not for a moment listen, as it would clearly mark out many a victim.

Mr. Hunt: Gentlemen, before you go, I shall propose what I am sure you will heartily agree to, "A vote of thanks to the Chairman, and those other Gentlemen who have called us together." It is a vulgar saying, that the Devil raises a storm, but another power gives it a direction [laughter]. Those Gentlemen have called us together, but we, under the blessing of the Lord, have given the business a different direction [loud laughter].

Mr. Marsh seconded the motion

in the warmest manner. No paltry idea of opposition had influenced him in proposing his Petition. "If," as Mr. Hunt said, "the Devil had raised a storm, nothing could be more completely reduced to tranquillity than that storm now was." And if he (Mr. Marsh) had raised a little Devil, the worthy Doctor (Hurd) was ready at hand to lay it [loud laughter, in which the Landowners joined]. He was glad to find that the language he had used was Parliamentary, notwithstanding the terrible condition in which Mr. Hunt had broadly insinuated the spirit of the late House of Commons was plunged [loud laughter]. He hoped to see the time when the poor people would be dependent for support upon their own honest, industrious exertions, and not upon charity [cheers].—The Meeting then separated.

### MARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending September 22.

Per Quarter.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat ..	55	0	Rye ....	39	0
Barley ..	34	2	Beans ...	44	5
Oats ....	27	5	Pease ...	49	5

Total Quantity of Corn returned as Sold in the Maritime Districts, for the Week ended September 22.

	Qrs.		Qrs.
Wheat ..	43,886	Rye, .....	566
Barley ..	24,585	Beans ...	2,574
Oats ...	12,232	Pease ....	1,012

Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.

Quantities and Prices of British Corn, &c. sold and delivered in this Market, during the week ended Saturday, September 30.

	Qrs.	£.	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat..	6,874 for 20,032	12	9	Average,	58	3	
Barley..	2,332 ..	4,013	9	3.....	35	11	
Oats..	5,355 ..	7,844	7	4.....	29	3	
Rye....	85 ..	166	10	5.....	39	2	
Beans ..	1,030 ..	2,310	11	11.....	44	10	
Pease ..	612 ..	1,540	19	7.....	50	4	

Friday, Sept. 29.—The supplies of this week are considerably less than the preceding. Wheat continues in the same dull state as reported on Monday. Barley appears to be improving. Beans are unaltered. Pease of both kinds are scarce and dear. Good Oats have found buyers, and the prices rather exceed those of Monday. The Flour trade is extremely dull.

Monday, Oct. 2.—The supplies of all sorts of English Grain last week were inconsiderable, and the quantity of Foreign Oats was not so large as previous weeks. To this morning's market there is not much Corn fresh up of any description. There are many parcels of thin Wheat still remaining in the market, which were left over from last week's supply, and such are neglected by our Millers to-day, while the best samples are taken off at the terms last quoted. The trade is, however, heavy.

Prime parcels of Barley for Malt- ing alone command attention, and select samples have reached 40s. per qr. but middling qualities are nearly unsaleable. Beans have again improved in value. Boiling and Grey Pease are scarce, and have each advanced 2s. per qr. There have been some extensive sales of Oats this morning, and such parcels as are sweet and in good condition, have rather exceeded the terms last quoted. Rapeseed is very dull in sale, and is 1l. per last lower than last week's quotations. Flour is unaltered.

Price of Bread.—The price of the 4lb. Loaf is stated at 9½d. by the full-priced Bakers.

### COAL MARKET, Sept. 29.

*Ships at Market. Ships sold. Price.*

7½ Newcastle	7	..30s. 0d. to 39s. 0d.
3 Sunderland	3	35s. 0d. — 39s. 6d.

Account of Wheat, &c. arrived in the Port of London, from Sept. 25 to Sept. 30, both inclusive.

	Qrs.		Qrs.
Wheat ..	3,048	Tares ....	489
Barley ..	1,621	Linseed ..	4,453
Malt....	904	Rapeseed .	1,434
Oats ....	688	Brank ..	—
Beans ...	583	Mustard ..	—
Flour ....	4,666	Flax ....	—
Rye .....	615	Hemp ...	—
Pease.....	967	Seeds ...	123

Foreign. — Wheat, 3,679; Oats, 18,443; and Beans, 612 quarters.

### HOPS.

Price of Hops, per Cwt. in the Borough.

Monday, Oct. 2.—Owing to very large arrivals from Kent and Sussex, during last week, and the demand not being equal to the supply, prices have given way, and remain steady this morning at the following currency:—Kent pockets, 72s. to 100s.; Bags, 65s. to 90s.; Sussex, 60s. to 72s. Duty, 260,000*l*.

Maidstone, Sept. 28.—Our Planters are still very busy in picking, and will not finish for some time, in consequence of the quantity so far exceeding what was expected; and the prices, we are sorry to add, are so much depressed to those who are necessitated to sell at present, that, with such an abundant crop of good quality, their expenses will scarcely be reimbursed; indeed we have so few sales that we hardly know what to say about them.

Worcester, Sept. 27.—On Saturday last, 3226 New pockets were weigh-

ed; the prices given at the fair were not maintained, there being some reduction in good qualities, and still more on inferior; the average may be stated at 75s. to 85s. The picking is drawing to a conclusion: 10,855 New pockets have been already weighed in our market.

Monday, Oct. 2.—The arrivals from Ireland last week were 12,827 firkins of Butter, and 185 bales of Bacon; and from Foreign Ports, 4,254 casks of Butter.

### SMITHFIELD, Monday, Oct. 2.

*Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).*

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef .....	3	8	to	5 0
Mutton ...	3	8	—	4 6
Veal .....	4	6	—	5 0
Pork .....	4	8	—	5 4

Beasts ...	2,802	Sheep ..	24,350
Calves ...	148	Pigs ...	150

### NEWGATE, (same day.)

*Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).*

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef ...	3	4	to	4 4
Mutton ...	3	4	—	4 2
Veal ....	4	0	—	5 8
Pork .....	4	0	—	6 0

### LEADENHALL, (same day.)

*Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).*

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef .....	3	4	to	4 4
Mutton ...	3	4	—	4 2
Veal .....	3	4	—	5 4
Pork .....	2	4	—	5 4

*Liverpool*, Sept. 26.—The importation of Grain, owing to a prevalence of easterly winds, has been very small since this day week, during which interval sales were very trivial, in the expectation of large arrivals on a steady change of wind, particularly of Foreign Corn now on its passage hither.—The attendance at this day's market was inconsiderable, and sales of any kind of Grain but few, although a decline of 1*d.* per bushel was submitted to on every description of Wheat and Oats.—In other articles the depression was equally experienced.

Imported into Liverpool from the 19th to 25th September, 1826, inclusive:—Wheat, 2,212; Barley, 890; Oats, 808; Rye, 58; Malt, 1,607; and Beans, 154 quarters. Flour, 865 sacks, per 280 lbs. Oatmeal, 375 packs, per 240 lbs. American Flour, 1,000 barrels.

*Norwich*, Sept. 30.—We had only a middling supply of Wheat at market this day, prices of Red from 48*s.* to 55*s.*; White to 57*s.* The supply of Barley was extremely short, prices from 29*s.* to 37*s.*; Oats, from 22*s.* to 28*s.*; Beans, from 33*s.* to 42*s.*; Pease, 39*s.* to 43*s.*; Boilers, to 54*s.* per quarter; and Flour, from 42*s.* to 43*s.* per sack.

*Bristol*, Sept. 30.—The Corn markets here are very dull; supplies moderate; and the sales effected may be considered about as follow:—Wheat, from 5*s.* 3*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*; Barley, 3*s.* 9*d.* to 5*s.* 9*d.*; Oats, 2*s.* 9*d.* to 4*s.* 4½*d.*; Beans, 4*s.* 9*d.* to 7*s.* 3*d.*; and Malt, 5*s.* 6*d.* to 8*s.* 6*d.* per bushel, Imperial Flour, Seconds, 32*s.* to 44*s.* per bag.

*Ipswich*, Sept. 30.—We had a good supply of Barley and Wheat to-day; the former sold on much the same terms as last week, but the latter was rather lower. Prices as follow:—Wheat, 52*s.* to 57*s.*; and Barley, 32*s.* to 38*s.* per quarter. Pease and Beans scarcely a sample.

*Wakefield*, Sept. 29.—Wheat is again a large supply here to-day; the very finest samples obtain last Friday's prices, but there is no life in the trade, and all other descriptions meet very dull sale, and at rather lower prices. The supply of Oats is good, and fine English are rather dearer. Shelling is scarce, and fully maintains the rates of last week. New Barley is in good demand, and 1*s.* per quarter dearer. Beans are without variation. Rapeseed is flat, and not much doing in it.

*Manchester*, Sept. 30.—Our supplies of most articles in the trade are become more liberal than of late, and prices have consequently given way in proportion as per our currency. Throughout the week there has been very little doing; and at this day's market, which was thinly attended, the business on the whole was limited. Wheats, both Irish and English, are lower, from 2*d.* to 3*d.* per bushel. There have been a few speculations in Oats, at a reduction also of 2*d.* to 3*d.* per 45 lbs. Beans, Barley, and Malt remain without alteration. Pease are the turn cheaper, and there are rather more offering. Flour is heavy sale, at a decline of 1*s.* per sack. Oatmeal is in good request, at our quoted rates.—Wheat, English, 57*s.* 8*d.* to 62*s.* 10*d.*; Irish, 54*s.* 10*d.* to 62*s.* 10*d.*; Canadian, (duty paid,) 59*s.* 5*d.* to 62*s.* 10*d.*; Foreign, ditto, 56*s.* to 59*s.* 5*d.*; Barley, 36*s.* 1*d.* to 40*s.*; Oats, Irish, 32*s.* to 33*s.* 9*d.*; Pease, (boilers), 66*s.* to 68*s.* per qr., Winchester; Beans, English, 53*s.* to 55*s.*; Irish and Foreign, 49*s.* to 54*s.* per qr. 63 lbs. per bushel. Malt, 38*s.* to 50*s.* per load of six Imperial bushels. Flour, 47*s.* to 49*s.*; Irish, 48*s.* to 50*s.* per bag of 280 lbs.; Barrel Flour, 30*s.* to 31*s.*; Oatmeal, 23*s.* to 46*s.* per load of 240 lbs. Bran, (broad), 1*s.* 1*d.* to 1*s.* 2*d.* per 20 lbs.

## COUNTRY CATTLE AND MEAT MARKETS, &amp;c.

*Norwich Castle Meadow, Sept. 30.*—Again this day we had a very short supply of fat Cattle, prices 7s. 6d. to 8s. per stone of 14 lbs. sinking offal; but of Store Stock the supply was abundant. Scots sold from 4s. to 4s. 6d. per stone, when fat. Short Horns, 3s. to 4s. Cows and Calves only a few of inferior kind offered for sale, and those quite flat. The supply of Sheep and Lambs was large, Shearlings sold from 24s. to 29s., fat ones to 40s.; Lambs from 13s. to 19s. 6d. each.

*Horncastle, Sept. 30.*—Beef, 7s. to 8s. per stone of 14 lbs. Mutton, 6d. to 7d.; Lamb, 5d. to 6d.; Pork, 7d.; and Veal, 6d. to 7d. per lb.

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN, sold in the Maritime Counties of England and Wales, for the Week ended September 22, 1826.

	Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London* .....	57	4	35	3	29	1
Essex .....	55	10	35	4	30	6
Kent .....	57	5	36	6	27	8
Sussex .....	55	3	37	10	26	5
Suffolk .....	52	7	33	1	26	6
Cambridgeshire .....	52	5	32	4	24	5
Norfolk .....	52	3	34	0	24	1
Lincolnshire .....	54	4	38	0	23	0
Yorkshire .....	54	4	38	4	26	7
Durham .....	50	6	40	0	28	10
Northumberland .....	53	2	36	4	29	6
Cumberland .....	62	3	36	7	32	9
Westmoreland .....	63	3	42	0	34	10
Lancashire .....	60	11	0	0	31	7
Cheshire .....	58	11	0	0	27	0
Gloucestershire .....	57	3	40	5	33	8
Somersetshire .....	55	9	36	3	25	8
Monmouthshire .....	56	6	52	2	29	4
Devonshire .....	56	6	37	0	29	1
Cornwall .....	59	4	36	11	29	7
Dorsetshire .....	55	0	36	2	31	1
Hampshire .....	54	5	36	0	28	0
North Wales .....	61	11	44	10	33	0
South Wales ...	57	6	40	0	22	6

\* The London Average is always that of the Week preceding.